

Eng. Poetry vol 32.

THE
CITIZEN's PROCESSION,
OR, THE
SMUGLER's SUCCESS
AND THE
PATRIOTS DISAPPOINTMENT.

BEING

An excellent New BALLAD on the EXCISE-BILL.



L O N D O N:

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СУДЪИ ПРОСТОРЪ

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Министерство Юстиции Российской Империи



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To the Tune of the *Abbot of Canterbury.*



YOU Puts that have Land, and you Cits that
have none,

You fair Traders who pay, and you Smuglers
who shun

All Duties on Wine and Tobacco, draw near,
And you a fair State of the Matter shall hear;

Derry, &c.

How of late a fam'd Bill, brought in Parliament,
The *Frauds on Tobacco and Wine* to prevent,
Was dropp'd by the Clamour of Smuglers and Knaves,
Who to Conscience and Honesty scorn'd to be Slaves.

Derry, &c.

Then

An *Alderman-Factor* roar'd loud 'gainst the Bill,
 Which to his private Pocket did bode so much ill,
 To be stripp'd of four Thousands a Year who'd bear it?
 Vile Slav'ry to be tax'd thus to publick Spirit!

Derry, &c.

Then, What's to be done? the Factor's all cried :
 ' Join the Posse of Vintners, *Bar----d* replied ;
 ' Let's frighten the ~~Rabble~~ with ~~some~~ *some* Lies.
 ' I have it---- the Word shall be, *General Excise*.

Derry, &c.

A *General Excise*! says one with a Sneer,
 On *Commodities* twain? The Word will not bear.
 ' No matter for that, quoth *Bar----d* again,
 ' Full well I remember the Reign of the Queen ;

Derry, &c.

' Then Words without Meaning had heavenly Charms,
 ' When Passive Obedience loud sounded to Arms,
 ' When the City for *Withers, Cass, Newland and Hoare*,
 ' Cry'd, *No Trade*, and elected those *untrading* four.

Derry, &c.

' To lead Mobs by Reason's an idle Pretence,
 ' Mobs cease to be Mobs when govern'd by Sense ;
 ' Then give out the Word, and try what it will do ;
 ' And if that don't succeed, cry out, *Liberty* too.

Derry, &c.

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The Project succeeded, the Rabble took fire,
 And of Rabbles for Reason in vain you enquire :
 Their Reason is cursing ; they rail at Excise ;
 And each *Slave* to *Delusion* for *Liberty* cries.

Derry, &c.

Thus a Sound before sacred was blasphem'd by all
 The Mob of the City, the great Mob and small ;
 As in the Word Liberty, no Good they saw
 But *cheating* the *Publick*, and *baffling* the *Law*.

Derry, &c.

Their Leaders, the Factors, wrote circular Letters ;
 And the wise Common Council-Men following their Betters
 By Hand-bills warn'd all honest Knaves within call,
 To support the dear Cheat now ready to fall ;

Derry, &c.

To make a brave Stand, all cloath'd in their Best,
 For *Freedom of Fraud*, in the Court of Request ;
 But begg'd they would borrow some Gentlemen's Coaches,
 To grace their fine Show in their *modest* Approaches.

Derry, &c.

You'd have laugh'd to have seen the spruce Cits run about,
 Borrowing Chariots and Coaches t' attend at the Rout ;
 Of Widows and Maids they got many a Score,
 And cramm'd themselves in by two and by four.

Derry, &c.

The Proceslion was aukward, but made a great Show ;
 For the Coaches like Cuckolds were all on a Row :
 Their Arms the most uniform ever were borne,
 For each for his Crest wore a gallant *Stag's Horn* !

Derry, &c.

Would you know in this Cavalcade who led the Van ?
 It was my L---d M--y--r, a true *Perkin's Man* :
Phenomenon Wilkins (pert Coxcomb) was there,
 And furly old *Harris* snarl'd loud in the Rear.

Derry, &c.

This Rabble, as Rabbles are brave 'gaint a few,
 When they saw themselves forty to one, good and true,
 Insulted the Members as by them they pass,
 If those offer'd to reason, these bray'd like an Afs.

Derry, &c.

With them our *Mock-Patriots* join'd the loud Cry ;
 And others from *Pannick* were known to comply :
 Some doubted their *Principals* at the next Choice ;
 And some thought the *Mob's* was the publick Voice.

Derry, &c.

Thus a Bill to cure Frauds, and protect the fair Trade,
 By the bellowing of Smuglers, its Exit hath made :
 The Publick's still cheated, and each wanton Cit
 Sneers at the Landholder, to see how he's bit.

Derry, &c.

These

These Smugglers now swear, let the Laws but alone,
 And in a short Time all the Lands are their own,
 For they soon shall get Money to purchase, and then
 They will take off the Land-Tax, and live like great Men.

Derry, &c.

The Landholders poor will soon wail the lost Bill,
 When they find themselves damn'd to pay two Shillings still,
 And see Smugglers enjoy more Indulgence than they,
 Who in *Liberty's Cause bore the Heat of the Day.*

Derry, &c.

Shall they be restrain'd too from planting their Field
 With Tobacco *, or whatever else it would yield,
 For the Sake of our Trade, while Smugglers are free
 From paying just Taxes, *Is this Liberty?*

Derry, &c.

These *Patriots* answer, *No matter for that.*
 To bring all to Confusion is what they'd be at:
 They despair of a Share in the Administration,
 Unless they succeed in distracting the Nation.

Derry, &c.

Next they brought in Petitions and try'd all their Strengths,
 The Division discover'd they'd gone too great Lengths:
 Then they try at a *Ballot*, a *Ballot* but shows
 Whoever we have, we will have none of *Those*.

Derry, &c.

* Planting of Tobacco is prohibited in this Kingdom, by an Act made 120. Car. II. for the Encouragement of our Trade.

By

By these we may learn our *sham Patriots* Designs,
 They will encourage *Frauds on Tobacco and Wines* ;
 Yet rail at *Corruption*, and *Pensions*, and *Places*,
 Which let them enjoy, and you'll gain their good Graces.

Derry, &c.

But these *Patriots* find they're most damnably bit,
 Who made themselves sure, if they gain'd but this Hit,
 To win the whole Game, and so bring all about ;
 But no *Noes* are *got in*, tho' *great Noes* are *turn'd out*.

Derry, &c.



F I N I S.

